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TO MISS SALLIE M. BRYAN.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sing thy requiem tears, dear Sallie,
Here love standing through my brain,
Like the darkest vista of years
In the pause of wind and rain.
And the twilight's solemn tranquil,
And the starlight's solemn tranquil,
Off to thine my spirit comes
Sing requiem tears, dear Sallie.

I have dreamed thy soul a sea-shell
Upon the upper deep sublime,
Or, by some unplying tether
On the bosom of the sea,
Where no storm and deep sea swallow
Seem a low and mournful sigh,—
A deep, ever endless sinking
For in far home is the sky.

I have steeped thy soul a wind-harp,
Of a weird and wondrous power,
Breathing out its strange, wild music
In the twilight's wizard hour,
Gently swept by gales of Heaven,
(When the earth-wind's wings are furled,)
Add in mournful subdued sighing
Of its own dear native world.

There's a realm within thy spirit,
Filled with grandeur and with gloom,
Where each tone is like a heart-sigh,
And each earth-swell seems a tomb
And the flowers—a mother loving
Overspreads their ghostly forms,
As if enticined by the dropping
Salt of passing thunder storms.

While the calm, mystic features
In eternal beauty sleep,
Thy high thoughts, in wild flashes
On our startled vision leap.
"As if its keen, fiery lightnings
Should burst wildly from the fold
Of a soft, white cloud of morning
Draped with vivid, blue, and gold.

There's a tall place of the Druids,
That, amid its brooding spaces,
Puts forth ever all luxuriant blossoms
With each morn of passing years,
And not human race, dear sainted,
Is a plant of kindred power,
Cut from out thy spirit's bosom
And there set its glorious flower.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PURE.

Peter Robinson whispered to his eldest boy, whose name was Charles, and bade him run forward and ask Philip Lancey to come to him. The little fellow sped away, reaching his way through the woods, so he was but a few moments in delivering the errand. Waller Lancey heard it, and he mistrusted, or suspected, its import.

"Philip," he said, "my efforts thus far, instead of limiting me, have served to render my path more pliable, and I can make my way alone very easily. If Robinson wants you for assistance—to help him form a rear guard—then remain with him. I am earnest in what I say. Sir,—There I find I ventured upon such a theme once! I might have been better off!"

As the old man spoke he leaped over a fallen log that lay in the way, and pushed on right boldly. Philip made him promise that he would send back for him if he felt faint, and then he waited till Robinson came up.

"Had you not better be here with me?" the latter asked, as the young man stood by his side. "These savages are upon our trail, as sure as fate! I am not afraid. I only seek the good of the whole party."

"You are right," returned our hero. "My father says he can walk alone, and I will remain with you. But be cautious how you fire. If you feel a dry stick beneath your feet don't break it if you can help it."

Robinson said he had avoided that, though he possessed not such powers of observation as he had been longer used to the forest. Philip Lashey could detect a dead twig the moment his foot came in contact with it, and in passing every cane he could avoid bending his step upon it.

The moon, which had an hour before been shining upon the forest, was now hidden behind the clouds, so that its way was very dark. She gave some light, however, as the clouds were in detached masses, and not very dense. Had the gentle queen of night been totally obscured, and the stars all shut out, the fugitives could not have moved at all in such a place. Jacks' hand the enemy close behind, and he knew that much depended upon him; but he could only trust in fortune and push blindly on. He knew that he was moving towards the river, and that was all. Whether a log or a rock lay before him he knew not until he felt it, and so on he passed over.

"Hist!" uttered Philip, who was in the rear, striking Robinson by the skirt of his frock. "There is an Indian close upon us!"

Robinson stopped, and as the sound of their own footfalls was hushed they heard the tread of the savage plainly behind them.

"Stand you behind that tree," and then touching little Charles upon the shoulder he bade him keep on and say nothing.

Robinson did as his companion had directed, and then Philip glided behind a second tree, and drew his short axe from his belt.

PHILIP LANCEY DISPOSING OF ONE OF HIS FOEMEN.

It is very few moments the savage came on. He was a stout fellow, and seemed to be following a trail which he easily detected, for ever and anon as his head touched a bended twig, an "ugh!" of satisfaction would break from his lips. He came to the two trees, and passed between them. One more step—a rattle, cautious one—and he lost his ear to listen. He had heard the fall of the fugitive feet ahead, for his breast expanded, and his head was half raised to his mouth to give tone to the whoop he would send forth to his fellows. But the hand was stayed, and the muscles of the breast became relaxed. Philip had marked well his aim, and his axe cleft the red man's skull in twain. He sank to the earth without a groan, and his quivering body was quickly pulled from the trail and cast into the adjoining thicket.

The work was hardly done when the two patriots were startled by a sharp, shrill "*Hurra!*" close by, and upon listening they found that a second savage was coming, and the sharp hits had been made for a call to his companion.

"*Hurra!*" came from Philip's lips, in exact imitation of the sound he had heard, and both he and Robinson resumed their places behind the trees.

The second Indian came quickly forward, and when he reached the narrow space by the two trees he stopped, and cast forth another hiss. As the death whispering call cut through the air the youth's axe came down again with unerring aim, and the savage dropped as his companion had done before him.

The two men listened, but they could hear no more steps immediately behind them. They could hear the crackling and leaving in the distance, but they were sure none others were upon their trail.

"Those two were sent forward to follow this particular course," said Philip; "and probably others are waiting at the great rock for their signal."

"I think you are right," was Robinson's response. "And thank God, their bloodthirsty wretched vaudiags are bushed!"

Without speaking more they threw the second body where they had thrown the first, and having secured the red men's rifles and ammunition, they were upon the point of moving on, when Robinson's hand touched some hair that hung from one of the fallen men's girdle. He pulled it away, and found it to be a human scalp! The hair was long and curly, and had come from the head of a female! He placed it within the bosom of his frock, and then bade Philip lead the way.

It was easy for the forest-reared youth to follow a trail over which so many had so recently passed, and ere many minutes he came upon his friends, all together, and engaged in earnest conversation. They had just discovered that Jacks' was not with them, and were upon the point of sending John Sawback. Philip thought it best not to tell the women and children what had happened for fear they might be paralyzed by terror; so he simply informed them that they had been pursued a short distance beyond the rock, and that the pursuers had been turned off; but that they must be ever ready, and likely, to fall upon the trail at any moment.

Jacks' once more plunged on upon his Rockton way, heading over the hills southward, and the reform his immediate followers of any peculiar impediment before them.

Not a murmur escaped from even the children. The little ones realized the terrible danger that encompassed them; and the realized, too, how much was being done for them; and the occasional answer of little Carrie, only nine years old, spoke volumes of childish fortitude: "O, no, mamma,—I'm not tired. Don't be afraid of me!"

By and by came the oft-repeated "Hi-yah yah!" but this time hopeful and buoyant; and in a few moments more the whole party emerged from the dense wood, and stood upon the cultivated meadow that lay upon the Mohawk, while only at a short distance gleamed the watch-fires of Fort Schuyler!

With a joyful bound the party dashed forward. Indians were still all about them, and the danger was not yet passed. They soon came to the little creek that flowed from the cataract, and having followed this a few rods they passed the spring and reached the gentle eminence beyond. They had gained the top of this when, upon looking off to the north-west, they saw a large number of dusky forms moving towards them. But they were not near. A few rods brought them to the northern bastion of the fort, and directly beyond this was a covered way, where they found a soldier on duty. He hailed them as they approached, and Philip went forward and explained matters. After this the party were admitted, and the women and children at once conducted to the officers' quarters. Colonel Gansevoort, who commanded the fort, sent for Robinson and Philip Lancey to come and see him.

Colonel Peter Gansevoort was a mild, but firm-looking man, of good size, and twenty-eight years of age. He sprang for such a post, but while serving under Montgomery in Canada he had displayed those qualities which recommended him to the favorable notice of his countrymen.

"Here, sir!" exclaimed the colonel, as Robinson approached him, speaking in a tone of mingled disgust and amazement, "are you a savage?"

Peter Robinson was utterly thunderstruck. He knew not what to do or to say. But his wife who had heard the commandant's exclamation, hurried forward and asked what was meant.

"Why—sir!" pursued the colonel, with a shudder ran through his frame, "look there!"—Look there!"

And as he spoke he pointed to a bloody scalp which hung half way from the bosom of his hunting frock.

"Oh—ah—I must explain that," interposed Philip, unable to suppress the smile that arose to his countenance.

And thereupon the youth related the story of his meeting with the two Indians in the forest, how he had overcome and first hardly believed his own scalp, but when her husband assured her of the truth she fainted from the shock. Philip asked the stout soldier's pardon, and then complimented him upon his brave conduct and bravery. After this he gained from them an account of how they had seen and heard, most of which was valuable to him, when they came to tell of the many dusky forms they had seen gliding up from the direction of old Fort Newport, he sent at once for the officers of the guard, and gave directions that watch should be set.

This, however, was not necessary; for hardly had the order been given, when the two scouts that Philip had discovered on a large body of Tories and Indians were approaching the fort from the west.

During the night the host of the savages could be plainly heard in the adjacent woods, and all was life and activity within the fort. Col. Gansevoort imparted a measure of his own fortitude to the rangers, the dip of oars was heard in the river, and ere long afterwards two batteaux, laden with military stores and provisions, made their appearance, and with them came Lieutenant Colonel Willett, of Ulster county. Willett, like Gansevoort, was a fortunate and most timely accession to the forces and powers of the garrison, for hardly had all been safely gathered within the fort, when the bloodthirsty Mohawk chieftain, Brant, with a large party of his Indian warriors, and Lieutenant Bird, with a party of Canadians and Tories, made their appearance, and commenced to invest the fort.

Little was done, however, during the day (the second of August), save to drill some of the raw troops. On the next day, however, St. Ledger himself appeared, and with him came those two notorious Tories, Johnson and Butler, with their hordes of renegade scamps. There was now a force of near eighteen hundred men set to besiege the fort, while the force within amounted to little over seven hundred and fifty. But there were provisions enough for six weeks, and the best patriotism determined to hold out.

The English commander sent in a bombastic order for an immediate and unconditional surrender of the fortress and all it contained, and if this order was not complied with, he threatened all sorts of terrible things. To all such as would renounce their awful wickedness, and join the forces of His Majesty, full pardon was offered. The order, with its threats and lettres, was laughed at in scorn, and word was sent to the infatuated Englishman that the Patriots had entered the road of a siege, and should defend the fortress to the last.

On the following day—the 6th—the siege commenced in earnest. Bombs were thrown into the fort, and the Indians hid themselves behind the surrounding trees, and fired upon the Americans who were at work upon the parapets. Yet little damage was done.

On the night of the 6th the garrison, and especially the women and children, were startled by the most unearthly and savage din they had ever heard. The Indians had spread themselves upon all hands within the woods, and hoped, by their horrible yells, to intimidate the Patriots; but their work was accounted to naught save the noise they made.

On the 6th took place one of the most fatal struggles that occurred during the war. When General Herkimer learned that St. Ledger had ascended the lake, and was aiming to besiege Fort Schuyler, he called upon the militia of Tryon County to follow him to the relief of the brave men at the garrison. Eight hundred men responded to his call, and with this force he set forward. On the fifth he drew up near Oriskany, and sent a messenger forward to inform Gansevoort of his coming, and ere he reported the colonel to discharge three guns in rapid succession as soon as his courier should arrive. Upon hearing this signal, Herkimer would know that his messenger had arrived, and would be prepared to act accordingly. Gansevoort was further requested, as soon as he had fired the guns, to make some kind of a sortie upon the enemy, and at the same time Herkimer would push on and cut his way through to the fort.

But a sad failure was at hand. Herkimer's messenger, from some cause, did not arrive until the following day at noon.

Meanwhile St. Ledger had received intelligence of Herkimer's coming, and at once prepared to cut him off. He learned the exact route the Patriots were to take, and sent Brant with a large party of his Indians and also a detachment of Johnson's Greens, under Col. John Butler, to form an ambuscade at the most favorable spot they could find. Gansevoort was the battle in the enemy's camp, and noticed the moving of scores of the troops along the edge of the wood down the river. It was shortly after this that Herkimer's messenger arrived, and the colonel at once suspected the meaning of the movement he had noticed among the besiegers. However, he fired the guns as he was bid, and made preparations for a sortie.

Among the officers of the fort was a brave, gallant man, named Marinus Willett, aspiring the rank of lieutenant colonel, and to him Gansevoort gave command of the expedition he had to send into the enemy's camp. Two hundred and fifty men were detailed for the work, and they were to take with them a small field-piece.

Just as the party were ready to set out, the heavy clouds, which had been rolling up dark and lowering all the morning, burst their bounds, and a deluge of rain, accompanied by terrific lightning and thunder, came pouring down. At the end of an hour the rain ceased falling, and the brave party sallied forth.

By a rapid succession of daring and ingenious movements, Willett succeeded in falling upon Johnson's camp. So impetuous was the charge, and so fearless in their onset were the Patriots, that the advanced guard were driven in, and the camp assailed so unexpectedly that Sir John had not even time to put on his coat; but flying forth in his shirt sleeves, he naively endeavored to rally his frightened men. They fled in dismay, and Willett then wheeled and fell upon the Indian encampment. The savages ran away like so many frightened sheep, and buried themselves in the forest, while Johnson and his men hurried across the river, and found shelter in St. Ledger's camp. It will be remembered that a portion of both Johnson's men and the Indians had been sent off down the river.

By this brave and chivalrous movement, no less than twenty-one wagon loads of spoil were secured and carried in safety to the fort, the party returning without the loss of a man.

The spoil consisted of excellent bedding, clothing, stores, camp equipments of all kinds, five British standards, together with the whole private establishment of Sir John Johnson, among which were all his papers, as well as the papers of other officers. These latter were of vast importance, as they revealed to Gansevoort a great deal of information concerning the situation and aims of the enemy.

The five British flags were raised upon the flagstaff of the fort, beneath the ensign of the Patriots, and then the whole garrison mounted the parapets, and shout upon shout broke their feeble fire.

But, alas! while such joy pervaded the bosoms of all within the fort, a noble band of their brethren, only a few miles distant, were being swept away like chaff before the wind!

CHAPTER V.

ORISKANY.

As we remarked before, when General Herkimer sent forward his messenger to Gansevoort, he halted near Oriskany, intending to remain there until he heard from the fort. He was a noble, brave, and generous man, and one of his chief companions was the good old man under his charge. After waiting awhile, some of his officers became impatient. They were for pushing to reach the fort. But Herkimer preferred to trust to his own cool judgment, and he ordered that no move be either had reinforcements, or should hear the signal from Fort Schuyler.

Awhile longer, and the uneasy officers became clamorous in their demands for an immediate movement; and finally, when they found that their pertinent efforts did not move him, some of them—five, at least—hastened on to Fort Schuyler and a-reward! The bitter words sank deeply into the old general's heart, but he told them that he had been placed over them as a father, and that he would not lead them into difficulties from which he might not be able to extricate them.

But even the noble Herkimer was not proof against the taunts and the sneers that assailed him, and he could not bear the demands of the officers for an immediate movement and no indecision—then there could be no thorough system or regularity in their movements.

Meanwhile, Brant and Butler, with their Indians and Tories, had been on the alert. Scouts had brought them intelligence of Herkimer's movements, and they knew the exact route the Patriots were taking. This path ran in a due east and west direction, and was much of it through deep woods. It was a favorable spot for ambuscade, and one of the enemy laid their ambuscade. The bottom of the ravine was of a boggy character, and the road across it was built on a causeway of logs. In the bottom was quite wide, and heavily timbered, though the trees on either side had been early timbered, but covered with a thick underbrush, through which the enemy could easily be concealed.

And about this deep, semi-circular valley the Tories and Indians gathered. All along among the underbrush and behind the trees did they conceal themselves, until the whole ravine was surrounded by an invisible foe save the narrow way where the road was.

Herkimer and his men, all unconscious of the danger which hovered so near them, marched on down the road into the ravine. The general and his immediate troops were followed by the baggage-wagons, while those who were in the rear guarded the whole from any attack. They were all strung out, and in a moment more the air was filled with the terrific yells of the Indians as they closed about the Patriots in front and rear. The Patriots were swung short, and the deadly rifle balls flew upon their companions like hail. Upon the first alarm, the rear guard—those men who, but a short time before, had dared to taunt their brave general with the word coward—fled like cowardly cravens as they were, leaving their companions in the ravine to shift for themselves! But they had better remained and faced the enemy like men, for the Indians, when they saw them turn, gave chase, and shot and cut them down like game!

For a few moments the little band in the valley was thrown into wild disorder by this sudden at-

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tick; but Herkimer soon succeeded in calling the astounded troops into some sort of shape, and they then fought with a will. No veteran troops of any campaign could have faced the enemy more bravely. At the first fire several of the Parish officers had been killed, and General Herkimer was wounded. Soon the old general's horse was shot under him, and the musket ball shattered his leg just below the knee. But he spoke not a word of the hurt he had received. He ordered some of his attendants to remove the saddle and place it against a large tree which stood close at hand, and seating himself there, he resumed his command. His men felt about him as though an animated wind were shaking the leaves loose from the trees, and the bullets whistled about his ears like flies, many of them striking the tree against which he sat.

For an hour the conflict had raged, and at one time the Patriots would have been entirely put away, but for a brilliant movement of the general. He saw that the enemy were closing in by wide degrees, and that very soon they must entirely surround them round about, and cut them down at will. But at this moment the Patriots formed themselves into several hollow squares, that seemed to be Indians and Tories at the same time. A galling and destructive did their fire become, especially upon Johnson's men. The latter re-solved upon a bayonet charge as their only hope, but they were met even at this by men who would not yield, and the battle had assumed the character of a close, hand-to-hand death-struggle, when the heavens suddenly opened their artillery, and the vivid lightning, the quaking crash, and the torrent of rain quenched the combatants to draw back from the conflict, and seek shelter beneath the trees from the pouring torrent.

This was the storm which had delayed Willett and his party in their sortie upon Johnson's camp; and of course Herkimer and his patriots could have's signal guns amid the roar of the conflict that raged about her.

During the cessation of hostilities which occurred in consequence of the storm, both parties repaired for time to bring new plans into effect. The Patriots met one thing which they speedily determined to remedy. They had stood in the open. Indians were lurking about the woods, and when they saw the death of a Patriot spring from behind a tree, one of them would rush forward and tomahawk him. They therefore planned that they would get in ambuscade—and indeed they did so, as an Indian came up, the other would be ready to shoot him.

As soon as the rain ceased the battle was renewed. The rain alighted by the Patriots worked well, for, as before, as soon as one of them fired from behind a tree, an Indian was very sure to be in readiness to spring forward to the tree to scalp to his death, for the reserves quickly laid him low. The Patriots had gained a slight advantage, and the Indians were hoping to give way before them. Major Watts, of the British forces, was with, and came up with a body of Johnson's Greens. The Patriots saw in these latter men the miserable, renegade Tories of their own Mohawk Valley, and so fired were they with wrath and indignation, that the strength of a dozen men seemed to be nerved in American arms. The brave fellows fought with a reckless, determined daring, that was utterly irresistible, and ere long the enemy began to give way.

The thing was now burst in the direction of the fort. It was the sortie of Willett. As Butler caught the sound, he ordered a retreat, which he might have proved fatal to the Patriots had it succeeded. But a large body of his men were to change their garments so to look very much like provincial troops, and these he hoped to march up, making the Patriots believe them to be a reinforcement from the fort to their ranks. But the quick eye of an officer detected the change, and the mystery was rended in a few moments. The Indians found themselves greeted by a hail less in number, and the ardor of the Patriots unabated; and the bad, retreating cry of "Oneid! Oneid!" were given very loud and hard. In this they failed. The Tories and British quickly caught the alarm, and away they went, pursued by the Patriots, whose shouts of victory were loud and long.

And thus ended the battle of Oriskany.* The conflict had raged six hours, and the loss of life, compared with the numbers engaged, was greater than in any other battle during the war. And though the Patriots were conquerors upon the field, yet their victory amounted to nothing, for the purpose for which they came—the relief of Fort Schuyler—was not carried out, and their loss was fearful. The noble Herkimer was borne from the field to die of his wounds, and many other brave officers and patriots men met the same fate.

There were deeds of personal bravery done on this day which have not been recorded in any book. Men had won their bosses bravadoi, their flocks and herds scattered, their harvests destroyed, and the fairest region that trended west of the Hudson was not carried one, the relief of Fort Schuyler—was not carried out, and their loss was fearful. The noble Herkimer was borne from the field to die of his wounds, and many other brave officers and patriots men met the same fate.

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Johnson's remaining men were led back by Col. Butler, and when he arrived at St. Ledger's camp he found Brant and his Indians already there, the short clothes being engaged in berating St. Ledger most soundly, for having assured him that the Indians would not stand.

"You say the white enemies of your king do not stand before Indian rifle and tomahawk," cried Brant; "but I tell you," he resumed, raising his dark figure slowly towards the sky—"if those men be like the men we met this day, that day shall never come down by your hands!"

St. Ledger did all he could to pacify the redoubtable chieftain, and among other things, he gave him and his Indians permission to plunder to his number and scalp wherever they had opportunity. This has been denied by the British; but it is nevertheless a fact, and is established by documentary evidence which was found among St. Ledger's papers. It is, therefore, well for the unprotected settlers that Joseph Brant was a more humane man than—I should say, was a savage.

—Had the Tory leaders who mostly employed him!

All was stormy within the fort. They knew that a severe battle had been fought, for the long-continued, dull roll of musketry and cannon had been booming upon the sultry air about them. But they could give no intelligence of the affair. Only of one thing they felt sure: when St. Ledger and another message with a demand for surrender, and accompanied the demand with the same news that Herkimer and his men had all been either killed or made prisoners, Gansevoort knew that he had, for he had seen the Indians and Tories return, and he knew that they came in wild disorder, which victorious men would never have done. So he sent the messenger back as he had come. The fact should not be surrendered.

CHAPTER VI.

WILL & DESERTER DIES.

Philip Lattrey was with Col. Gansevoort in the private apartment of the latter. The commandant had found a keen, deep understanding in the youthful pioneer, and he was now consulting upon the subject of the present difficulties. Philip was explaining to the commandant the location of the most important farms, and estimating the probable value of the estates which had already been laid waste, and which lay exposed to the enemy as masters now stood. Thus were they engaged when a sentry entered, and announced that there was a deserter from the enemy was without the fort, near the salt-path.

"Blindfold him, and bring him here," said Gansevoort.

The orderly withdrew, and in the course of some ten minutes he returned, leading by the hand a boy of about fifteen years. The latter did not seemed to have lost his last friend, and just issued a part of himself. He was short, stout man, apparently thirty-five years of age, with coarse, but cunning looking features, and bearing himself with considerable freedom.

"What is your name?" asked the colonel.

"Moses Van Dorn, at your service, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"From the camp of Colonel St. Ledger, sir."

"And why have you come here?"

"Because my name is Moses. Look at that, sir." And as he spoke he tore off his shirt, and revealed a broad, muscular back, covered with scars and blood.

"Why was that done?" the colonel asked.

"I was suspected of attempting to desert, sir. And I did desert. John Johnson told me the Rebels were all cut to pieces, and that I might escape so that they had sworn to butcher every man who did not own a farm, and the descendants of Dutchmen so soon as they could get hold of them, and be laid to me, sir, and I knew he did at the time, and I was fearful that I should be put out of sight."

"Put on your shirt," said Gansevoort.

He then observed, and the colonel then questioned him concerning the advance of the enemy. He answered promptly enough, but not satisfactorily. Gansevoort had let the matter rest for a suspicion came him. He questioned Van Dorn still concerning the power of St. Ledger's force, and concerning the place of St. Ledger with regard to the prisoners of war he might take. The deserter said that he knew nothing of the latter thing about the battle referred to. Johnson had told him that the enemy had been cut to pieces, and he believed St. Ledger would have forced upon the fort, and so fired were they with wrath and indignation, that the strength of a dozen men seemed to be nerved in American arms. The brave fellows fought with a reckless, determined daring, that was utterly irresistible, and ere long the enemy began to give way.

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AN INVOCATION.

BY W. E. PARSE.

If the grim three
Who have lots of the shortest and coiled fates
Of earth's unwilling ones, agree
To bend once where and be deaf to our weary fate
Still press the end,—oh, angel mourner! well
We know your daughter will for a moment rest
Upon the cross that waits. We, who have wept
Above our hearts the stark and silent form
Of sorrow, trailing over every hope
We ever cherished. We, who night and day
Listen for accents that we do not hear,
Who look down vanishing forms for gleaming faces
Which wear her treasured head, and press
Us to the cruel earth's frozen breast, while hang
Above the rich grapes of her glorious hair

Lies,
Oh, spirit guarded and watched from sin,
Ere still more sombre, that we in a hour
Of reverie, across the misery race,
Will not be tempted to the dreadful rest
With aching brains, to save that sin of sins!
And as the days on fading forever, as held
To think that evil is darkness; or as those
To those whose feet for years have trod on white
Of earth's deepest; or as those heard
To inmates of a prison; or as life
To those whose lives were only sighs sealed
In death, it will revive our fearing hearts,
And enable us to walk with her as we
Have sometimes beneath the shadowing rod;
And strengthen us to bear with you
What rests at all the Jewish three of old
Spoke better by the trial.

THE CAPTAIN'S WARD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Pish! pshaw! Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Captain James Harper, as he read a letter which he had just received, at his clubroom in Portland, in the quiet city of Boston.

"What is the matter, Harper? He the fitted you at last had a cheery voice beside him, as the owner stood him a good-natured blow on the shoulder, that nearly knocked him down.

"Zounds, Peter, it is well I am a sailor, or I never could keep my feeling with you at hand!" said the captain, hastily.

"Hah—hah! nothing—you should see me when I am angry, I am a perfect raven. But, never mind that—only tell me what you were speaking about, or such a rate, when I came up."

"This letter," replied the captain, striking the sheet in his hand. "Now, you know my old friend, Harry Reeves, whom you used to see so often with me in port, has died, and left his only daughter under my care, as a legacy, which I could not dispose for me. Poor Harry!—I am sorry he has gone, Peter,—but, what the—Heaven! I won't worry only what in the world am I to do with this girl? Can you tell me?"

Captain Peter Hammond looked profoundly puzzled.

"I'm sure I can't say. If she was only a boy, now, you might put her right aboard your craft, and the thing would be settled. But, I suppose, that can't be done now."

"Why, not exactly, I should think."

"How old is she?"

"Not more than fourteen or fifteen—she can't be, for it's only sixteen years since poor Harry married."

"The mother died, eh?"

"Yes, years ago."

"And she has property of her own?"

"Yes."

"And you are her only guardian?"

"Certainly."

"Then," said Captain Hammond, in a kind of Jack Spratt fashion, "I should have you to keep her at school for a year or two. By that time, you can get on board, take a wife and settle down, or—what your ward."

"Pshaw!"

"And go and see her before you sail this time?" continued the imperturbable P. "It's only fair, to-day, to give a kind word to one of the poor little thing, especially as you are the only friend she seems to have."

I think Julia Reeves would have laughed heartily if she had seen the two respectable men so unceremoniously discussing and settling her destiny. For Captain Hammond, though one of the confirmed bachelor old men, was a happy, sympathetic sort of a man, with a gait something like that of a Polar bear, and a great deal of heart in his body and his friend, though a fine, frank-looking man, of the very prime of life, looked upon the matter as thoroughly bewildered and astounded as the news he had received, that she could not but have been highly delighted with its perplexity. Indeed, it may be, tempted to increase it.

But genuine was the woe-is means delighted with the task imposed upon him. But when, in accordance with the advice of his boisterous friend, he went to see her, and when, in place of the fashionable young lady he had expected to see, a pale, delicate child, with soft, brown eyes and hair, and a face which was the exact copy of his dead friend's, entered the room, he burst out into a loud laugh, and he drew her to his side, and kissed her fondly.

"I see your Harry's daughter sure enough," he said, as he gazed into the large eyes, raised so confidingly to his. "How old are you, my dear?"

"I am in my fourteenth year."

"And do you know who I am, my dear Julia?"

"Papa's friend," she answered, simply, as she nestled more closely to his side.

The warm heart of the sailor was won at once.

"God bless her, child! I'll be tenderest. I was that indeed; and it shall go hard with me if I am not as true a friend to his child."

There was no need of further words between them. The guardian laid his plans before his ward, and saw that they met with her full approval. He saw her safely settled in her school himself, and saw her good-bye, not without a little heart-ache; for in the few days they had passed together, she had grown very dear to him. But on his love on the deck of his own vessel, he came running out to speak to him on a very important matter, as she called it.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"I want to know if I have your permission to correspond with Stuart, sir, while you are gone?"

"And who is Stuart?"

"Oh, he is only cousin," said the young lady, looking embarrassed, and playing with the tassels of her scarf. "And he is a middleman, and wrote the nicest uniform you ever saw. And when he gets his commission, we are to be married—and, in of course, when you will permit me."

The captain looked wonderstruck.

"Well, upon my word, Miss Julia, you have begun your work betimes. When does this precious young man expect to get his commission?"

"Next year, sir."

"Next year!" said the captain, with a long, loud whistle. "When you'll be in your fifteenth year, and he—"

"Twenty-one, I believe. Don't be angry, dear guardian."

"Angry!" repeated the captain, recovering a little from his astonishment. "My dear, you may tell your cousin, from me, that if he ever troubles me any more such nonsense to you I'll court-martial him."

"My dear guardian!"

"I tell you I will. And as for you, if I hear of your writing to, or receiving letters from him, I shall be very angry. Play with your rag doll for a year or two, child, and leave marriage to your betters."

The girl pouted.

He laid his hand kindly on her head and changed his tone.

"Little one, I am the best friend you have, and I tell you it is for your good to break up this foolish affair. Remain a child as long as you can, my dear—you will find all the trials of life, and love among them, will come fast enough for you. Come—say you will obey me before I go, if you wish to make me happy."

"Yes, I will promise," she said, tearfully; "but, oh dear, what will poor Stuart do when he finds I do not write?"

He will live through it," said her guardian, quietly. "And as to walk with her any more, as a good a girl, I shall send you a present from Boston, before I sail, of the prettiest pony I can find."

She clapped her hands delightedly.

"With a long tail and mane, dear guardian?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thank you."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him as she bade him good-bye once more.

A succession of the vexations in store for me, I suppose," he said to himself, as he leaned back in the carriage, and thought of the love which could be cured by the present of a pony. But he soon was he laughed at first over the ridiculous aspect of the affair, he grew more serious as he looked into the future, and wondered what it was to bring, and pondered, in the quiet city of Boston, even a guess as if he had been guardian four and twenty years to double that number of blooming damsels just entering their teens.

The pony came safely, and so also did a letter from the captain, which he lived to read, and which his little ward shed a few quiet tears over it, and then resignedly to become all he wished her to have her. From that moment she had an object in view, and was unlucky if her efforts were not. Her childish correspondence with her cousin was given up at once, because it was his request. French, German, geography, and the use of the globes filled in her list of studies, because her guardian's letters were all these countries; and as the modern languages were familiar to him. And music, which she loved for its own sake, and as a future solace in her eyes, because one day it might soothe his cares.

It is a strange affection that sometimes springs up between a guardian and a ward. To the child, a new friend was everything—father, mother, and mentor. She wrote to him constantly, detailing her progress, and asking his advice, till the good captain began to look upon her as a miracle of accomplishments. He had, in the new responsibility, which he had dreaded so much at first, become a delight, and a tie to bind him more closely to his fireside. He felt as if he had a daughter, he was no longer alone in the world. It was his dearest wish to see the child when his voyages were long, and his leave of absence from his ship so very short, that he found it impossible to do so. It was nearly three years before they met.

During that time his ward had emerged from childhood into early womanhood. She had grown tall, and though still slight, her form was well delicately rounded as that of Hebe, and her face almost as full of light and beauty. Indeed, everyone save that one person cared for her had made the lonely and neglected child, a graceful and happiness always brings light hearts and pleasant faces to her train. Julia's circles were palo no longer, but flushed like roses; her eyes sparkled with life and animation; her voice was cheerful; her step quick and elastic, and the courage in was inherent in his day. Still he could see, in these peaceful, sedate her from every amusement of her age, and the sweet, pensive face was a constant reproval, ed three during the course of the season, but she was a bird.

One morning, in the third year of her stay at the seminary, she came to the grounds in search of a quiet practise in the large saloon, before the doors were opened for visitors. For a time all went well; but at last the flying fingers grew weary, and the thoughts began to steal into her mind. Nearly two months had passed since she had heard from her guardian—he who was always so punctual in writing to her by every ship that sailed—and had some treacherous storm overtaken him, and sent the good ship "Julia" to the bottom? Or he would not think it—and, touching the keys, began to sing:

"My Willie's on the dark, blue sea,
He's gone a-sailing far from me;
And many a weary day must he
Be to come back again.
Ye blow, gentle winds, over the dark, blue sea,
But the morning sun shall be
Oh, bring my Willie back to me,
To come back again."

These words, at least, were ill chosen at such a time. Her fancy pictured each "weary day" as it passed, and seemed to hear the sighing of the rising cold and moistness at the bottom of the sea.

"Oh, if he would only come back!" she sighed, and buried her face in her hands.

"Stuart Reeves or your guardian, Julia?" said a rich, deep voice beside her.

She started up—gave one wild look into the face of the gentleman who had entered so noiselessly, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my dear guardian, I thought you were drowned!" she sobbed; "I never should see you again! Why has it been so long since I heard from you?"

"Nonsense, Julia."

But the stout sailor trembled as those innocent lips met his, and that pretty face brightened as he kissed it coming. Never before had he been greeted so as his return from sea since his mother died.

He looked at her wonderingly, as the first surprise of the meeting was over. Time had not stood still on shore, whatever he might have done upon the sea. He had left a shy and delicate child, but he found a pretty young girl, with a correct face startled him, and whose caresses made him half happy and half sad. How long could he hope to keep so gay a creature by his side? He was now just forty-five, and she but seventeen. Before his dark locks had grown much grayer she would be gone, and he still more alone than ever. He sat, silent and sad, beside her, while she looked up at him from under her long eyelashes, and thought scarcely how proud she should be to introduce him to her young friends, as her own dear guardian, and how much—how very much handsomer he was, with his stalwart figure, his frank, open face, and simple courtesy, than the bowlegged and be-perfumed young men they had pointed out to her.

"Julia," said he, at last, when they came out from cousin Stuart, about whom you were so frantic two years ago?" said she coolly, recovering a little from his astonishment. "My dear, you may tell your cousin, from me, that if he ever troubles me any more such nonsense to you I'll court-martial him."

"My dear guardian!"

"I tell you I will. And as for you, if I hear of your writing to, or receiving letters from him, I shall be very angry. Play with your rag doll for a year or two, child, and leave marriage to your betters."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ONE OF THE REASONS.

Few, we apprehend, who are competent to judge, will deny that one—and that a chief one—of the causes of the present disorder and dearth in the financial resources of the country, is our past, and not yet ended, fits of imported millinery, and scores of millions, of foreign products, which we either might have done without, or created for ourselves. While looking beyond the seas for wares and fabrics would have been bad enough, if only the people beyond the seas looked to us for an equal value of our products in return. But this they did not. With the scientific and extravagant tastes of our country-folk tempted our merchants to order millions of dollars worth of the choicest of articles, the manufacture of which is the best paying trade under the sun, and which is guaranteed to the producer, we were only permitted to return as many thousands of dollars worth of three or four staple articles—viz., cotton, tobacco, and bread-stuffs —of our productions, the value of which is least; leaving a balance against us to be paid in specie gold and silver, the raising of which required always the sacrifice of more or fewer thousands of exchanged therefor, thereby making money scarce, and unduly enhancing its value as compared with labor and the consumer grievously injured.

To render our idea simpler: our vanity and false pride have kept us a perpetual purchaser to the skill and industry of the old world; so much so, that the balance of trade, and exchanges, and the advantage of money, have always been sorely against us. For years, indeed, we have not our obligations without difficulty and delay, but periodically there has come a pay-day, at home and abroad, caused by our excessive importations of foreign credit, which has shaken the very foundations of our currency, and spread commercial and financial disaster far and wide. We are in the midst of such a crisis now, and though home speculations have helped on the calamity, it is easy to be seen that all would have been well had we owed no debt abroad, demanding payment in our gold and silver—and nothing else.

One would think that a slight resolution of this kind would teach the country a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, and that we would all straightway go about paying for our past follies and extravagances, and resolving evermore to husband our own resources, and live within our means. But we are not easily made wise. Time and again we have suffered all the pangs of the present distress, and yet are simple enough to expect prosperity on the same old disastrous track. Prosperity, for any considerable time, cannot be ours until we mend our ways in this matter. We must develope more the resources, be better masters of our own industry, indulge in simpler habits, and raise fewer, specially here, to be grasped after extravagant wealth, and we shall soon find ourselves ample in our means, and firm in our independence. Prosperity will be only visionary events. But the fear that all wearing and ulcerous as those ends will be last, now so heartbroken. Just as the recovering hopeful forgets his sick-bed sweatings and his long cowering public forget their distress and consequent determinations, and directly plunge again into the same or a deeper pit. Such is human nature.

UNEMPLOYED OR WORK-FOLK.

The saddest feature of the panic and breakdown, now convulsing our whole country, is the multitude of persons suddenly cast on hand-labor, who have already been, and still further will be, thrown out of employment, for the new long Autumn and Winter, and at a season the most untoward for such an event. The suspension of almost individual enterprises—forges and foundries, factories and artisan shops—will exist sharp distress upon scores of thousands, who, dependent upon fixed trades, know not where to turn in such a crisis as the loss of usual employment. Scarcely will the public perish-ably when steadily employed, they are then rendered entirely destitute when wrenched out of only they, but the thousands of wives and children, dependent upon them. Perhaps no-where else will the distress of the time be so great as in our city, where the mass of livelihood are always most difficult of access. Here, the crowded metropolis, when means misery ever shows a huge Form, and very strong is our sympathizing) wail o'er the autumn and winter are passed. And the scenes will be proportionably harrowing in many other localities. Surely, the people of humanity and brotherhood should be stirred in those who are positioned to weather the storm, and the sympathetic hand and word should be given to make the burden of the suffering as light of possible. In a few months, the great cloud will roll back, revealing again the clear sky, and the sunshine of a prosperity that never would be marred if our people all lived truly republican lives. In the meantime, we ever, a benign, Providence—the Providence of God—is over us all.

WAR AND PEACE.

War has been the great enemy of humanity and the progress of the race. From the remotest times to the present, the barbarism and waste condition of the world may be traced to the hostility of tribes and races, who have turned every energy to the erection of barriers against each other, and to demolishing each other's hearths and altars. History, at best, is little more than a record of blood—of the Titanic efforts of nations to destroy each other; of people oppressed; of the toil, sweat and agony of the many, sacrificed to the few, who have been the world's leaders in blindness, crime and tyranny.

The epochs that mark the life of the human race most distinctly, are the advents of certain extraordinary leaders, the greatest, of course, rank in fame upon having overcome, pillaged, and desolated more countries, caused the death of more human beings, and wrought more misery and misery upon those who remained, than any of his predecessors.

If we look at the matter closely, war has been the great bane of mankind. All other agencies have been accessory and subservient, and from throne and altar, the State and Church have decreed and consecrated it. We see no more reason—to rise above rivalry, which is the instinct of man, isolate or individualize—but ever are they constantly divided the inhabitants of earth into the diffusion of families, and the more permanent art of every age, involving the continued absorption of the industry of man, and heaping loads of debt and taxation upon the world's posterity, has been to strengthen those antagonistic populations.

Until of late our age, and even now our country, is but a legacy of warfare. Its wealth and position, on the threshold of a human Era—the Era of Peace—and we can look abroad, and calmly survey the whole field of warfare. We see how all the causes have forged all their fetters by the wars to which they have contributed, by giving rise to cruelty, ambitious men. War has blasted their lives, and led their hearts to bleed on battle-fields. War has taxed them for armies and navies. War has heaped on them, and their progeny to come, enormous national debts. War has made them beggary and wretchedness. The laurels may flatter, the banners may inspire, but they only deceive the eye defiantly—all their pomp is born from the suffering and degradation of the human race, and they are the insignia of misfortune, and scars of millions, of foreign products, which we either might have done without, or created for ourselves. While looking beyond the seas for wares and fabrics would have been bad enough, if only the people beyond the seas looked to us for an equal value of our products in return. But this they did not. With the scientific and extravagant tastes of our country-folk tempted our merchants to order millions of dollars worth of the choicest of articles, the manufacture of which is the best paying trade under the sun, and which is guaranteed to the producer, we were only permitted to return as many thousands of dollars worth of three or four staple articles—viz., cotton, tobacco, and bread-stuffs —of our productions, the value of which is least; leaving a balance against us to be paid in specie gold and silver, the raising of which required always the sacrifice of more or fewer thousands of exchanged therefor, thereby making money scarce, and unduly enhancing its value as compared with labor and the consumer grievously injured.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THINGS I HAVE LATELY SEEN.

It does not follow, of course, that gunlike should spring to life in a garret; but, for all that, it is a well accredited fact, that necessity is the crucible that has tried, and, otherwise hidden, has developed from many a gifted son and daughter of Adam. "Dean Bonlogne" is a little woman, who not many years since, lived in a garret, with a pet cat and dog. She has become the originator of "The Horse Fair" and wears your bonnet in the air, as I wanted to do, that one of my sex had painted it. Rosa Bonheur has put if you are a man, and you are as hearty as hares, as if that masterly performance had not been done by Mistress Bonheur. Be magnanimous for once; and don't pull up your shirt-collar, and cock up your cuffs, and say, "Quite good for a woman." I tell you it would make a reputation for any coat among you. There are few men, either female equal to the production of a horse like that superb fellow in the foreground. The very skin looks as if it would feel warm, and to the sense of hearing, to the sound of a trumpet. I can scarce keep my restless hand from it, and I'm afraid, in passing, to give him a striking neck. Look at his flashing eye, and chilled nostrils;—go right for a gallop with him through the first green grass! Glad animal, creature—a spirited horse—a second only to a spirited woman. Why, I and my wife are content to think; for she has done full justice to the horse, and signed her name to the picture. So much vitality has she infused into this picture, that one actually feels stronger after looking at it—as if one had been eating beef. Yes, as if one actually ridden through the green lanes of Engwhy the whole field is a-wash. Why, you may even sweet it; and, as I turned away, I hoped that the artist, though a woman, received a liberal equivalent for the days she has translated to her hands.

Most of the greatest celebrities I have seen lately has been "The Aquaria,"—for some time past the most fashionable resort. Everybody has been dazzled to the American public. Almost every house among us has had its pretty globe of water, with a couple of gold fish, or some species with a floor of shells, minute rocks, and silt sand. They are the rage, and no wonder that the water aquarium, with fresh or salt water fish, and plants, and the beautifully poised in water, so limpid, that every motion of their gauzy fins is clearly discernable. It is not only a pretty but an instructive sight to see the habits and manners of fish;—to see how naturally they adapt themselves to their element, and how they are provided with implements for an invalid, whose widow must be the acts of poor fish, and the slaughter of the very grave of those praises he had so often heard. The aquaria, in fact, is a perfect and complete illustration for the teacher, of God's wonders in the deep. Here, in some shade of which the floury creatures, and their beautiful adaptation to their circumstances, and their wonderful habits, all who love to make home attractive to children's curious, asking eye, would make place for an aquarium, and the delicious and healthful

TURN AND OVERTURN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Turn and overturn!
Silver on the lake so still,
And the crooked path by the apple-tree
And the purple mist, to the mill!

The old house, and the cherry-tree,
With the well-sweep bending down;
The elm-tree dell and the barley-field,
And all the things I own!

Turn and overturn!
And let me once more see
The rose that hangs the sweetest place
In the boot of the fir-tree.

LADY CLAUDINE;
OR,
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. EGNATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robbins Bloomer, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

Each in his turn the orisons of Brinsley Oakes forced themselves prominently and outstanding in strong relief upon his thoughts. Yesterday it was the dead man Sir Charles Beaumont, who should discover the forged paper in the bank! During the night most prominently upon his turn was the supplantation that the robbery by himself had established the money to recover the check, might be found to him; and now, to-day, that he has placed two innocent persons, securely, as he fancies, between himself and suspicion, the dread of being compelled to acknowledge the woman whom he had believed to be his mistress, as his wife, filled his mind with gloomy and unrelieved sensations.

One thing is certain," he said, as he traversed with a quick and troubled step his library, which he had sought on leaving the dead sexton's abode, in order to be alone to survey his large position, and devise some mode of extricating himself from the fatal embarrassments which his crimes were weaving thickly around him: "If I receive Katharine (curses light on the soul of that false friend who estranged me!) to be my wife, I repudiate Lady Claudine! The two change conditions! The result will be I shall have to slight the Lord Argyll and Sir Charles, besides enduring the reproaches of her whom I really love, and believed I made my wife, who is (if this infernal prove true) my wife, and that I will soon verify) my mistress. How will her pride, and beauty, and high blood revolt this! Which way soever I turn I find myself inextricably involved in difficulties enough to puzzle a colder and a more hardened man than myself. My conscience exercises a most powerful bourgeois! And now I must make the best of my difficulties!"

For ten minutes he traversed the room, fell carelessly closely drawn, and the doors fast, that no eye should discover the workings and agonies of his face, as he planned and thought, and thought and planned, adopting and rejecting, and then reconsidering the suggestions rejected. At length he stopped full, and with compressed lips said, darkly frowning with a cloud of repelling gloom, and forced upon his brow:

"It must be done! Some one of us has to be sacrificed! It shall not be me! Is his come to grudge of war! I am hunted by the police, and must at any cost find a way of escape. One of us three must die! His! alone?" he called, opening the door to shout for Arthur, who waited without.

"Here!"

"Go to the house of the Sexton Pribble, where he lies dead, and find his sexton's token, and bring him at once hither. Make no inquiries, but get to see and have speech of him secretly, and pulling the crown piece in his hand, tell him I desire speech of him, and he shall have more."

The black hurried off. After half an hour, during which Brinsley Oakes had fully matured his plan of action, the slave returned with the sexton Jakes. Captain Oakes held with him for some time a close conversation, and the grave-digger, with a smile, and much bluntness of manner on his one eye, went his ways.

Captain Oakes, on his way from the sexton's, had met with acquaintances, with whom he was forced to interchange a few words respecting the caution and cheerful air. He heard incidentally, he came along, something about "yellow gloves." This was him enough for him. He at once called Pompey to him, and placing in his hand a pair of gloves presently the property of Lord Argyll's possession, he said—

"Take these," and he mangled them and rolled them a little as he spoke, "and put them in Thomas's trunk; and take this one pound note, and put it in the pocket of each pair of gloves."

"Yis, massa," answered the slave, leaving the room.

"This will do to bait those who come with a search-warrant. This entire matter is becoming my business. As for the boy—my (ha! ha! ha!) son—I have no desire to hang him! I shall have enough on my hands without that. I would not now, that I know he is my legitimate son, lay hands on him. He must be screened. I dare not harm him! To save him the whole evidence must go against Claudine! No one suspects me now. Now, if I can get successfully through my present purpose, all will go smoothly. I will duly certify her, brother, and all I know, and have enough left enough to buy off my men. I can return Colonel Stanley's check, and pay his daughter (a) his money under an anonymous envelope, and stop the prosecution, and so all happy ending will I will live like a marquis on my money. As for poor Kate—I fear I should have to look her up in Bedlam for life! I could never love her again, after injuring her, and she would never trusting and confide. Yet, perhaps, I might live with her in France; for I shall feel disposed, with a princely income of forty thousand pounds, to atone for the past! By a life of virtue and charity I trust I shall compensate with my conscience and make a more respectable end at least than this miserable Tyrinda!"

At this moment a light knock was heard at his door. He started, for he knew it well. His face flushed red as scarlet, and with a convulsed bow, and a guilty expression in his eyes, he advanced to the door, unbolted it, and, without a word, gazed full into the face of—Lady Claudine—as were about to write—all the wife! But our readers knew now that Lady Claudine is not the wife of Brinsley Oakes!

"To what good fortune, Madame, do I owe the honor of this visit to my private rooms?"

We will not, according to the approved mode of novelists, describe the manner in which he said this, by saying that he spoke the words "coldly," or "haughtily," or "repulsively," or "sneeringly," or "ironically," or "defiantly," or "angrily," or "savagely," as his manner was a compound, fused in the volcano of his passions, of all of these.

"Be seated, Lady Claudine."

With a gentle and lady-like bow, but with a pale face and a trembling form, she took the seat to which he pointed his hand; but, the meanwhile, her eyes seemed to be embarrassing to comprehend the change in his appearance, produced by his wig. She perceived some strangeness about him, but could not comprehend exactly what it was.

"Brinsley," she suddenly said, "I have come in to see you from an act of justice to one who has been arrested, wrongfully will I have no examination, and if there are no proofs other than this against him, he will release him."

"And why do you interest yourself, Madame, for Stephenson?"

"For Mary's sake. She, you know, Brinsley, is to marry Thomas; and she is so distressed that I determined to attend to it."

"And what can I do?"

"Be present at the justice's to-morrow at ten o'clock, and testify in his excellent and ever blameless character; and your testimony will, with the denial of Colonel Stanley of writing a note to the police chief, charging him with the robbery, secure his discharge. Mary is almost broken-hearted. She is a faithful, good girl, and I would do anything to make her happy."

"I will do as you wish, Claudine," he said, with a tenderness of tone that made her open her eyes with a light of her former joy, when, by such tones, he won her maiden heart! "If you could be so much for me, Claudine, as you seem to do for Mary, willing-small, I should be happy!"

"You have no reason, Brinsley, to doubt my love. I sympathize with you in all your difficulties. I think that if you would break off from your present set, to whom you only lose money, and make yourself wrinkled how to pay your debts of honor, you would be—as should not be suspected!"

"How can a man be happy without money, Claudine? I need it for a certain style. Would you have me frequent the club-houses of footmen and lacquies? If I do this I must have money to spend, and play with, only to lose more, which might as well be out of the world as out of money. You know, Claudine, and it cannot be a secret to do know, that my half-pay is of no small to me; that when I lost that four thousand pounds to Sir Harry Fripping, last autumn, I pledged my thousand a year of my half-pay for four years to a Shylock of a Jew, to bear me the money for which my honor! You know, in a word, that though my own purse is full of gold, and I am said to be the richest woman in Bath—the most fashionable place in England bad for you, I am the poorest husband in Bath! All your resources, except a paltry two or four thousand pounds, I have made use of, for which I gratefully thank you. And you propose, Claudine, your noble self-sacrifice in not suspecting me to be your husband, to make me also a woman and like a—I was going to say 'wife'—but more than a wife—like a mistress!"

The heart of Lady Claudine began to unveil its fountains of joy to receive such unveiled words of kindness. For love is woman's life. To love with her is to live! In her husband she lived and moved, and had her whole energy. To be her in first to God—in the place and in the likeness of God to her! As man loves upon his Creator, loving woman leans upon her lord and husband. She has still other love left in her heart for her children her secret thoughts to him. She is willing (it no known he loves her) to be led by him whithersoever he goes, and to follow him through all the dastardly adventure with him the storms of foreign and unknown seas; the blinds and desolations of deserts; risk the frowns of the tropics, and the pestilences of the Indies. He can lead her to the world's end, everywhere but to—perdition! On the brink of crime and woeful guilt she stands and stops, for with guilty love is the end of all love in Heaven! Its charity and its affection leads it to cling to an erring husband to the last; and she will at last die for him—but she will not sin with him. She could loved the guilty and unworthy world, and died for it; and he calls her wife, and she lives for us the love of wife and husband, especially as the love the husband and wife, so Christ loved the Church," says the great Gentile apostle.

Lady Claudine, though her heart had been often crushed by Brinsley Oakes, though he had dishonored her love for him, and held lightly her devotion to him, still loved her husband. Our unspoiled book of affection, the word of kindness from the lips of an estranged husband will unlock the deep fountains of his wife's affections, which his coolness has frozen over; like the suffering child who believes the rising of the moon to be day-dawn, so he believes the cold and love beaming in his eyes upon her, she believes (because she hopes) is the full return of the morning tide of his love.

"I am sorry, Brinsley, for your troubles. I wish you would take my advice and do better. These wild levels and harems, whose society you cover, cure not for you. If you will promise to play no more, I will pay all your debts, and will transfer to your name fifty thousand pounds."

"What! This looks like a wife! But how can you get money to pay all I owe to tradesmen, Jews and others, and lift the mortgages on my horses, furniture and jewelry?"

"How is. I can obtain it if I resolve to do so. And what, dear Brinsley, would I not attempt to save you? I love you. As your wife, I am personally interested in all that concerns you. If you could confide in me more fully, we should be happier."

The guilty man felt his brows burn with the telltale blood of conscious unworthiness and infamous guilt. But he said no word. He was overpowered by such true love and frank expressions of wifely affection. Lady Claudine continued:

"I not only come to see you, Brinsley, in behalf of your friend Thomas, who seems to be the victim of a conspiracy, as if the true criminal would push him forward to give him over to the police—to—"

Brinsley Oakes bent his concentrated gaze upon his wife's face with sharpest and most penetrating glances of suspicion. Satisfied by her looks that she suspected nothing of the truth, his face resumed its usual expression, while she went on and said—

"But I was coming to ask you how we should manage to raise the eight thousand pounds you owe to my cousin. Now, do not start so. I am not reproaching you for using my brother's name. I am glad to every thing that relieves you did not come to me, and frankly tell me your difficulties. I could have relieved nothing. I would even have sent for a lawyer and hired of him, on pledged checks ante-dated, all your needs required. How much better I should be pleased to asked me for the thirty thousand pounds than used my name! But that is past. I only mention it to my that if you have confidence in me, all will be well; but never can such rules again. Never use a Shylock of a Jew, to lend me the money for which my honor! You know, in a word, that though my own purse is full of gold, and I am said to be the richest woman in Bath—the most fashionable place in England bad for you, I am the poorest husband in Bath! All your resources, except a paltry two or four thousand pounds, I have made use of, for which I gratefully thank you. And you propose, Claudine, your noble self-sacrifice in not suspecting me to be your husband, to make me also a woman and like a—I was going to say 'wife'—but more than a wife—like a mistress!"

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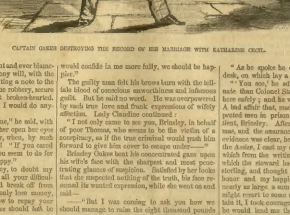

CAPTAIN OAKES DESTROYING THE RECORD OF HIS MARRIAGE WITH KATHARINE CECIL.

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"As he spoke he directed my affliction to his mind, on which lay a pile of gold and notes.

"You see," he added, 'that I am more fortunate than Colonel Stanley for I have my money to have safely; and he was rubbed on his way home. A bad affair that, madame. But we have two suspected men in prison? But I see you are impatient, Brinsley. After speaking to him about Thomas, and the summoning from this that unless the evidence was clear, he should not commit him for the Assizes, I said my eyes upon the pile of money, which from the writing on a label upon the bag which the steward had brought I saw was £2000 sterling, and thought how much it was for my honor and my happiness that you should have safely at large a sum like—by. Fearing that you might resort to some step you would regret to obtain it, I took courage and was about to ask him if he would lend me the money on my bond, for a private purpose, when he remarked—

"To have money is quite as troublesome as to be without it, Lady Claudine; for I must now find out who owns the money has this is, or some sooner stocks that we can now can put confidence in Bank of England. Brown is for—"

"If you really desire to loan it out on interest, I will take it for just now," I added, "by so count is overdrawn, and I have one for eight thousand pounds."

"The just suits me. You shall have the whole 8000 pounds on your note of hand for twelve months, at the present rate."

"This offer seemed so providential, Brinsley, that I at once closed with it, gave the note, which he caused by his clerk, and he gave me the money in a bag, tied up as his steward brought it to him. It was quite heavy for carriage, and I have now brought it to you. Mary?"

"Is at the door," he said, as he call came in from the window, where she had been standing, and in her face beside she here with difficulty a bag of money, nearly as rich, just as paid in to the steward by the tenant and of his own harborings.

"There it is, Brinsley," said his noble wife, her fine eyes beaming with the light of a good deed, and her happy looks ontinually with a joyful surprise. "You see, now, that I came hither not only for your friend Thomas' sake, but for your own happiness. Now take this. Mary, you may go. Take this money, Brinsley," she added, after the sailing-maid had left the room, with the assistance of four and contempt regarded her master, knowing, as she did, the secret of his crime, "Take it all, Brinsley, and let what I have now done show you that I love you, and that you did not estimate my heart when you accused me of not loving you. Because I would not consent to use my brother's name. Love—true love—is built on honour, my husband, and cannot commit crime even for the object of its love, nor would this object demand crime's aid if it were worthy."

"I am not worthy your love," he said, pettishly, and for her plain and earnest words ready to forget her good deed. But he was weak, annoyed, mortified, angry with himself for having been so premature to get the money he wanted by robbing the dead, and ashamed of his wife, that she should have received it without guilt. In his heart he cursed himself and his schemes.

"You do not seem pleased, Brinsley. Is it not enough?"

"More than I want. Claudine, you are a noble and true-hearted woman. If I dared, I would make you the confidant of you. But I cannot now. I would make to you would lead you to despise and scorn, and by from my very presence!"

"A wife is given man as his help-meet, his confidant, his aid, his counsellor, his friend; as one to whom he may in all things without fear of betrayal, and who can from her receive the sympathy and consolation his more masculine grief and conflicting life requires. Tell me, my husband. Let me share—I ask you, and together we may find some way of relieving your unhappiness. If it is only debt, I will, even at the risk of my brother's displeasure, supply to any amount!"

"Debt! Would to the good God it were only debt, Claudine! No, no—I cannot! Love me I will you all! Yet," and here he turned away from her face, and with his face buried in his hands, walked to the end of the room, muttering, unheard by her, "yet she must know all, sooner or later, and her proud and loving heart will break all up. What an unmitigated villain I am! Out the truth will come! Her virtuous ears will hear that she is not a wife, but a dishonored woman! Whither shall I flee? How shall I escape, and where hide myself from these issues that are about to unfold themselves! This bag of money—proof of her love, which I doubted, but coming too late—is as fire to my soul!"

"Brinsley!" and a soft hand was laid upon his arm.

"Leave me, Claudine, leave me! I have changed my mind. I cannot reveal to thee what I would! Go! One kiss! Forgive me! I have wronged thee, but I shall—What do I say? I know not what I say! Go, Claudine! I would be alone—all alone! By and by I will come and see thee. For this moment leave me!"

"Go or send it at once to the bank, Brinsley."

"Yes, I will see to it. Good bye, now. Only leave me alone!"

"I fear you are ill. May I——"

"You may nothing, Claudine! Go, while I can speak kindly, for I will not answer for this mood long!"

Lady Claudine rested her eyes tearfully upon him, and after a moment's sad gaze and a deep sigh, she turned and left the apartment. As she did so he took the bag of money, and, casting it upon the floor, trampled upon it like a madman, crying:

"Too late!" When fiend sent thee not hither last night! 'Tis the mocking of the devil that it comes now! Yet, with all her love, my purpose shall stand. She shall not live to know her shame!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The evening of the day on which the events detailed in the preceding chapters, a man, disguised in a short cloak of dark cloth, which he kept closely folded about his features, might have been seen scarcely making his way across the graveyard, towards the entry-door of the sexton's stone church at Welton-Ashley. The shades of twilight were gathering thickly beneath the evergreen yew trees, and the bats were flitting with hasty and noiseless steps.

With a pick-lock he opened the low, arched door of the vestry-room, and entering quickly, he closed it after him. He then produced from beneath his cloak a dark lantern s-light, and searching about, he found the large parish register. With hasty steps he turned over the huge folio leaves, and at length came to the page he sought.

The moment was Brinsley Oakes, as the reader has already divined. The record he sought he found, and appended to it the well known signature of his more room-mate and friend (ought we to say false friend). "Sally Wagstaff, Kings Queen's Hussars."

"The priest did not lie, and I know he did not," said Captain Oakes, "when I said I had his words. Here they are, to my confusion. May the Almighty forgive me for all this man's soul, be it in heaven or hell!" and here he spat upon the name and the signature of his hitherto unknown friend. "Perish, nevertheless, written record of my marriage!"

As he spoke, he tore from the register the leaf, and touching the flame of his lamp to it, he let it consume to ashes. He then put out the light, and piece of paper that remained between his finger and thumb he burnt into dust.

"So much for the evidence! Now I am ready to see this priest in the rectory. If he be wise, he will not be too severe upon me!"

"Shutting up the lantern, he replaced the register upon its shelf, and departed, locking the door as before with the pick-lock, which his slave had abstracted for him during the day, and given a true he stopped to speak to four men concealed there, then passed on to the rectory.

"I am glad, sir, to see you under your word," said the rector, gravely, and without any show of cordiality.

Captain Oakes made no reply, but directly went to the table whereon lay a note, pen, ink and paper, and pale, but with all the composure of reason, and beautiful will, still lovely with sadness, wrote Cecil. Upon seeing her his keen observation, and her face brightened with hope and joy; for the sight of the paper, and the pen and ink, seemed a confirmation of the good clergyman with her. with bitterly prepared for her, had somewhat unsettled the wild and irregular intellect, and her mind was somewhat shaken in its poise. But her head and child would be restored to her, she wept for very joy. So now her face was radiant with hope, and her eyes sparkling, and her bosom free from the boiling balm of broken hearts!

"Katharine," he said, sitting down by her and taking her hand, and speaking of kindly as he could do, "you are free!"

"Always—I never hated you! I forgive you! I am only sorry for you, that you should have prayed the good God for me, and see! I'm not a lunatic!" and her eyes sparkled with a new and natural brilliancy, that, with her touching words, would have convinced any other heart than one which continual guilt had hardened.

"If you love me, do not urge me to confirm you to be a lunatic! Let me be a lunatic myself, and what a red heart you would give a lovely woman for the object of its love!

"And is not my heart red, too? I never injured you, Katharine!

"But I can't talk with you. I have brought a carriage to take you home, since you will insist upon it, and you will be free to do as you will!

"Shall I see my boy—my Brinsley?"

"Yes. You glad me, and I will fulfil your promise to me. You said you would go to the plains for a week?"

"But I fainted here! I was going, Brinsley—indeed I was!"

"Well, I will take you where your son is. Come at once!"

"Let me!" asked the clergyman, entering.

"Where I desire you also to accompany us—to witness the union of my wife with me, that you may do what I have not the courage to do!" said Lady Claudine all, and endeavor to bring her to a sense of reason after the hour of—"

"Gladly will I do such a work of charity," answered the benevolent clergyman, a few minutes a person entered a close carriage at the door of the rectory.

"To Bath!" said, Captain Oakes to the coachman.

At the moment of driving off, two men, in the darkness, got upon the footboard, and two others behind. Pistols were made their appearance to blind the wall, following rapidly in course. Bath was but a little over a league and a half distant. Twice that distance the carriage went at great speed, but not to the direction of Bath, save for the first mile out of Welton. The rector had in vain tried to draw answers from the muffled figure in the corner of the coach; at length, being satisfied that they ought to have reached Bath, he let down the window, and looking out, saw that they had ridden through a forest. Knowing that such

a word was out on the Bath road, he called to his companion—

"Vince, sit—where, Mr. Oakes, are you taking me?"

There was no reply. The clergyman then shouted out of the window to the driver; but no response at all was delayed him. He now began to suspect treachery.

"Captain Oakes, I demand to know where you are taking me?"

"My name is not Oakes," answered a deep and heavy bass voice from the corner of the carriage, "by Captain started with an exclamation of anger and alarm, and Katharine Croft, who was dreaming in her heart of love and happiness, shrieked with apprehension.

"Be quiet! This bellowing will only get you into trouble. We are used to our journey's end," said the man who, it was now evident, in the moment of their entering the carriage by the dark, had substituted himself for Brimley Oakes.

In a few moments the horses stopped at a gate, which, being opened by one of the horsemen, led them into a narrow and winding road, after following which a quarter of a mile, brought them to a ruinous mansion standing. Here the door of the coach was thrown open, and the clergyman was told that he was a prisoner; that he would be well treated if he made no noise and remained quiet; and must make up his mind to a few days' detention at the place where he was.

Submission, where fear, strange and resolute men were his captors, was his only alternative. He suffered himself to be led into a room which had all a sort of vestibule, and there was conducted by a man with a lantern to an upper chamber, and locked in.

Katharine was met at the coach by a woman evidently once handsome, but whose features bore the marks of vice, and also conducted to a strange apartment in the ruin, and left to herself.

The carriage then returned as it came, only one of the men of the mysterious band who preserved Captain Oakes locked, remaining at the ruin.

We now return to the scene of the carriage and darling Brimley Oakes' departure. The carriage and those men he had hired into his service with some of the money which Captain Oakes had given to him: men whom he knew could be engaged for any purpose, such matter, as their service well recompensed for the deed done and the risk run. One of these men had been a smuggler, and he promised Oakes that he would be safe and concealed place where "the man who knew a secret he could not be known," and the money he obtained from him justice he did not desire to betray," as he expressed it to those ruffians, would never be found; where he had a brother living in a part of the rain he had fitted up, and would keep all safe as long "as pay came."

On horseback and alone, Brimley Oakes returned to Bath. He reached the house of the professor of security which had been long absent from his mind.

"The boy I must found—say, the dear, are dissipated, old" he said, mentally, as he cast himself fatigued upon a lounge in his library, "the boy I had! the other two safe as if in their tombs; for as long as I have this smuggler I can keep them in long his interests and sacrifice will make him fulfill my commands in the letter. It was so bold act; and was achieved with more ease than I anticipated; but with ease or by force I mean that pratting priest, whose evidence would have been most terrible to me, should be brought where he can do no mischief. Until I have another letter from Vince, I am free from my fiendish and look at what is next to demand my attention. Katharine Croft must still be prison, and likely to be there; for the officers of the law have nothing with a search-warrant, discovered the gloves and the handkerchief. These will be damning evidence. The man must be secluded in not see from whom he came, for if he boy—this Reuben, I might as well say at once—this son of mine: he will probably be so incensed at my absence, as there can be no proof. As he was arrested by my charge against him in connection of self-preservation, I cannot take any steps to undo it all. I must let his affair take its course and trusting the committal of Reuben will be the forward for his discharge. Ah! Here lies upon the floor that empty bag—but not the sum of gold it held: so much good service. It has already placed two enemies out of the way. Let me now weigh well my scheme and purposes."

He began to pace the room, as was his want, when refreshing. By and by he sat down and wrote several letters to parties, and on matters in no way connected with this story, and then rang the bell-pull seven o'clock at night when Pompey came in safely and said—

"Massa, dat man wid big red beard come."

"So would I. Let him enter. Ah, Reuben, I hope you bring good news?" he demanded of a stout, bald, neutral-looking fellow, with a bottle-browed head and shaggy, red hair, which a crown of beard covered his chin and lips. His whole aspect was savage, and he expressed in his light blue eyes both cool and stubbor. He wore a massive gold ring upon his forefinger, and had on large gold sleeve anchors. A massive gold anchor sewed into on a brooch to fasten the coat of a fanky French cravat.

"All safe and under hatches, as we sailors say, man, with a concluding oath which neither religion nor good taste requires repeating, even under the doubtful delicacy of a——fash.

"The priest was surprised a little?"

"Yes; his large mouth gaped when he found he couldn't help it."

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"Gentle as a lamb. Captain?"

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"Yes, Captain Oakes. You may trust Rob. If you told him (with a golden rolean in your fist) to tie two cats in a bag, and throw 'em over the wall till him the Devil's Punch Bowl that roars below, he'd do it."

"Brisk?"

"Captain."

"I am in a dilemma?"

"The only way is to get out of it."

"I want advice."

"I'll do what I can. I'm gone a bit and have had experience, and was the world a little on both sides."

"Killed men in your day?"

"Well, I suppose officers have."

"You have no notion to be hanging me?"

"I never fash. I take my swings since my duty, and keeps a single eye on my tongue always."

"Yet—I have all about you, Rob. I have resolved to trust you further. You have already something of my affairs?"

"Yes, that you live fast—that you married a pretty young woman, and got tired of her and married a prettier; and the first is ugly and threatened to give you and your new woman trouble; and the parson what married you broke her a hand. I know this much; and that we've got 'em both where they won't keep you awake o' nights thinking and dreadin' 'em. I believe that's the log, sir, isn't, Captain?"

"Brief, you are as blunt and rough as a hedgehog. You. Now hear further: I am in debt in various ways full three thousand pounds, and not a guinea, save a few thousands I have set aside for other purposes, to pay with."

"Where-b-l! Lee does I'd call that, and food letting in, and dead calm."

"My wife—Lady Oakes, is rich in her own right, and has an income of £30,000 a year. But I require her signature to draw it. And I can't always get it; and, besides, there are but a few thousands left for the use of her and kapplent, stricked with apprehension.

"Is quiet? This bellowing will only get you into trouble. We are used to our journey's end," said the man who, it was now evident, in the moment of their entering the carriage by the dark, had substituted himself for Brimley Oakes.

In a few moments the horses stopped at a gate, which, being opened by one of the horsemen, led them into a narrow and winding road, after following which a quarter of a mile, brought them to a ruinous mansion standing. Here the door of the coach was thrown open, and the clergyman was told that he was a prisoner; that he would be well treated if he made no noise and remained quiet; and must make up his mind to a few days' detention at the place where he was.

Submission, where fear, strange and resolute men were his captors, was his only alternative. He suffered himself to be led into a room which had all a sort of vestibule, and there was conducted by a man with a lantern to an upper chamber, and locked in.

Katharine was met at the coach by a woman evidently once handsome, but whose features bore the marks of vice, and also conducted to a strange apartment in the ruin, and left to herself.

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where they won't keep you awake o' nights thinking and dreadin' 'em. I believe that's the log, sir, isn't, Captain?"

THE LAST LOVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am alone and 'tis the twilight time,
The leaves when shadows are deepest in the heart,
And wandering dreams sigh a mournful rhyme,
And whisper the tale of the last love set apart!
For he is lost, and he is true in memory's dream,
My lover sailed to distant lands—he's gone.

But not for him—no, no—oh, not for him
Glows deep within my heart the flame of love;
His picture in my heart is growing dim
While I'm pursued by some sweet vision of
What autumn's mournful moon was then and pale,
And every bright star wore a cruel face.

I've striven to love him, though it were in vain
To know one fond thought in my heart was cold,
One dream of breathing life strayed there again
That was not my many worship'd image—
Some shape that everlasting through my life has past,
And made a shrine and a queen at last.

Would that my deep devotion were forgiven—
For now I know 'twas so—and I am left
To God's unseeking universe, I'd not
Have thought of him, but of Christ—Jesus gone, all gone—
But one orb, risen, and beautiful, and silent,
Lulls the wild storms of loneliness to rest.

Slumber ! oh, slumber deeper one
Than that in which he hears that hour around him,
And the clear starlight of his love's embrace.
All night long, and through the night's eye, and strong
As my will endures beats the thought of him
Which Fate need not another reason or day.

THE HIDDEN GRIEF.

BY CLARA STORRY.

There was but just one man in the world that my father hated; and the strange as it may appear, was the only one whom I could not help loving.

In vain I took myself to task for this perversity of feeling; it grew upon me day by day, and hour by hour. It was to no purpose that I tried to vie with my father's eyes, and to judge with my father's judgment; the man in his omniscience was to me the one "altogether lovely," and my heart yearned towards him with a longing that was utterly uncontrollable, and which completely baffled control.

The strange gentleness of his manner towards me, and the deep feeling that dwelt like music in his tones when he addressed me, were but a few of the many charms he had breathed no word which told me so desired it. But hearts understand each other's language, and mine knew that that which was in his soul. I needed not a word to assure me of his entire devotion; and yet I tried to see in it only a desire to win my father, but all my respect for his opinion could prevent me from feeling deeply his affection.

What should I do? what could I do? I had not sought to enter into this fervor and fever of feeling. It had come upon me like a strong man armed, and there was no power within me which could hinder it from sweeping triumphantly through and my soul.

"I must see Le Roy. I do not care what is the proper way. I am too distracted to do that. I will do nothing wicked; and so for the rest, if he did not *loyally* love me, I should not so long for his sympathy—so love and desire his presence. I will not try to bear all this any longer. I will have the truth or his company, at least. But shall he come?"

This was the doubt that tormented me when I had sent, by my servant, a note to Le Roy Hastings.

I walked up and down the floor of my small library, built for my own private use by my kindest of fathers, who had indulged me in all that he did further fancy, could to know who I was longing to receive there.

"I cannot help it—I am desperate," was my feeling; and I walked to and fro in increasing agitation and excitement. I dropped my hands tightly that the finger nails drew blood; I sighed as one who were grasped upon the throat, in hurling from my bosom, almost rent it asunder. My head ached distractingly; and my thoughts wandered so, not, but I could sit sit down and be still. Oh, agony! what an hour was that! The conflict between these two strongest loves that I had ever known—this that between life and death, and I was torn and distracted thereby. But such thoughts were diverted into a more pleasant channel by the sound of his ring upon the entire.

As I opened my door to admit him, I tried valiantly to think of what I had intended to say when he should enter.

His face was quite flushed; and as he tossed his beaver from him, and shook back the damp curls, he took my hand without a word.

We were both dumb, and dared the more course.

Being utterly unable to speak, I began to cry; and as I did so heartily, I will never believe had I been so supported while I wept.

As naturally as if it had always been so, he had drawn me into his embrace, and my hands were clasped in his, so cold and trembling as my own.

Leaning against his heart was the source of my confidence. I knew that he was mine, and I was his; and could I fear to speak to him when I

I did not fear. *I felt sure now*, that he would not and could not despise me any more than I could desire him.

"Oh! how my father hates you!" I sobbed.

And he lifting you, because love may and was his low answer. "*I felt your reason for desiring to see me*, and I was willing to be here and duty to me now! I confess I cannot see. Was it but the vague of passion that cries out for you, I would not heed it. But I see in a wild hurry in you that desired me, I would smile and turn away; for you have told that our love is the love of our lives, and that we are the truest heart-mate of the other, must and will be reserved, and shivering, and solitary all through life, because a most unjust dislike which your father cherishes towards me?"

"Oh! I don't know what to say to you, Le Roy, but it would make my father hate me to die otherwise, and he has always been most kind to me; I *dare not* defend him. I cannot, nor can I longer live entirely apart from you. I shall lose my very reason if I cannot sometimes see you then—then, Le Roy—I cannot, as my own reason, and I must, oh! I must have just this one comfort of love and then a secret visit from you. Perhaps it is not right—perhaps it is not manlenly; but oh! forgive me and don't be very good opinion of me; for I see an unhappy girl!"

And Le Roy did love and pity me. How his noble heart, never cared, did in take advantage of the confidence I had placed in him. Never could I forget the perfect respect with which the lover of my youth treated her who had placed herself so entirely in his power.

He said to see one day, as we sat together in my library—

"I would be very unwilling for the world to know of our concealed intercourse; for it would be sure to judge so harshly—and, Clara, the world

is right to be suspicious of such things; for where there is much secrecy and mystery, there is usually little purity. But for the entire devotion of my love for you, I could not be tempted by the appearance of evil; and God grant that we may be, one long, devoted from the confines of such a course. We are visiting much in these days, Clara, when will you be twenty-one?"

He asked this question with a sudden change of expression which caused me to inquire—

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I will tell you upon your birth-day—when will it be?"

He spoke gravely. Soon after I had told him he departed, and I sat indulging in sundry imaginings of what he might mean by such a question.

A great change had taken place in my feelings since unburdening to him my heart. I felt calm and satisfied, having a sort of secret expectation that speedily something would occur which would cause a revulsion of feeling in my dear father.

I delighted in picturing to myself the day when he would declare his long mistake in the character of my lover; and finally, when he was to ask me and call him friend.

"Then," said I, soon after *that he shall call him son.*"

Meantime, in all my griefs I had a confidant. Ah, me! how sweet it was to think, "Le Roy is coming. I will tell it all to him!" And when he came, and I was nestled in his arms, and sobbing softly—for fear of other ears than his—of all that had befallen me since last we met, what happiness I drank! Truly, nothing. I was as happy and content as ever was young child on the breast of its mother.

Not so was Hastings. At every visit he seemed more anxiously to question me upon the subject of my father had made of him; and about the young lady who came thronging to my house when my father was a wealthy man, and then I did only laugh; and I had but one reason for my levity—that there was one sure for whom my father could not; and it was to him I spoke of him.

"Don't mention him, my love, dear Ella Le Roy. Don't you know that I am *yours* forever? I could not command him, even if I would, and why should you don't think I'm in danger of saying 'yes' to any other. Are you losing your trust in my perfect love, my own?"

"No, Clara. I know that I can ask no deeper or more tender love from you; but what is to be your dread of the displeasure of your father. All I can say to you don't seem to reach you, and my courage to leave that in order to become my wife; and how can I help fearing that in the end, when you will and dare persist in refusing obedience to his positive desire, and in the by upon you? And reflect upon what my feelings would be if you I to love you now?"

"Never! never! Do not for one moment fear me there. Never will I wed my man but you—but he thought alone is horror; but I will not be the father's anger, and grieve my father's heart by being disobedient. Le Roy, trust me, *Le Roy*—how can you wonder?"

He said no more at that time; and I hoped that he was satisfied; for I was filled with anxiety and content to have matters cease just as they were forever; if only he could have felt as many rest and as happy as I felt.

On my twenty-first birth-day, Le Roy came to me, and said—

"Clara, you must now make your choice; either promise to become my wife without delay, or permit me to withdraw myself from your presence, so you are no longer subjected to such misery."

I wept, and besought of him to unsay his words. I could not live without him; and I dared not—did not, no—I *dared not* leave my father entirely wroth.

Then," said Le Roy, "we must part. There must, to an end to this unnatural concealment. I am at least, to the feeling thereof, by those meetings, I cannot live happy—it is the way and it is right for you. It is dangerous to both of us; for a thousand chances expose us, and in hurting from my bosom, almost rent it asunder. My head ached distractingly; and my thoughts wandered so, but *I could not* sit down and be still. Oh, agony! what an hour was that! The conflict between these two strongest loves that I had known—this that between life and death, and I was torn and distracted thereby. But such thoughts were diverted into a more pleasant channel by the sound of his ring upon the entire.

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I did not fear. *I felt sure now*, that he would not and could not despise me any more than I could desire him.

"Oh! how my father hates you?

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. N. MCCONNEY.

All is beautiful in nature,
Since the Saviour died for man;
Flowers are all the sweeter,
For the breath with them waving and
Her flowers then are the gladest,
Her hillsides white with fleecy flocks;
Her fields with golden grain,
Her sparkling streamlets, deep and broad,
That through the valleys run.

Her crested waves that churn the shore,
And lift their anthems loud,
Her mountains, with their solemn tones,
That rise the lofty cloud,

Oh, God! how beautiful is All,
That Thou hast done for man!
So cheered with hope that lies the chest,
And joys that pass the soul.

With smile-hymns of mother's young,
And tones of youthful cell,
That waves in their sinless bound
How sweet the grass flowers sound,

With brightness round the pilgrim staff,
What a life-song sings
Behind the golden gate thrown wide,
And all his wave with wings.

But if this Earth, which changes not,
This life, to death that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him
From whom all good proceeds,

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and blest,
From every fear and sorrow free,
Attain unbroken rest.

Hartford, Oct. 1st, 1867.

THE WIDOW'S REBUKE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Sicevell was a very good man, young and enterprising, and honest to a fault. He had the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and his prospects were bright and promising. Who to draw without doubt that Charles Sicevell had one, and sometimes he admitted that it was a very foolish one. In point he had contracted the habit of giving expression to current assertions with profane explosives. In short, he used profane language and at times, when very much excited or unduly excited, he even allowed the name of his Maker and his Saviour to pass from his lips in vain.

"Charles, you are not aware how the habit is fastened upon you."

"I know it's a foolish thing, Amanda."

"Ah, my husband, if it were only foolish I would not be so earnest. But it is more than foolish, it is wicked. It makes me feel very badly. You don't know how I love you—how proud I am of my husband. Every day I thank God that he gave me so faithful a companion, and one so honorable and honored. Were it not thus, I might not feel this one fault so deeply."

"But, my precious, you look too severely upon this matter."

"No, Charles. You do not realize the full amount of the evil. Men hear it from your lips when it offends. It is a slight blow upon your character. It proves to them who hear you that you have no reverence for God."

"Hush, my dear!" spoke Charles, reprovingly. "You are going too far, now. You know I venerate the Deity."

"But those who hear you take his name in vain cannot think so."

"Why not? What reason have they?"

The fair young wife bowed her head a moment, and an age thought came to her relief.

"Charles," she said, solemnly and impressively, "do you not sometimes think of that generous woman who bore you to life—who led your tottering steps through all the heedlessness of infancy and early childhood, and who never murmured because of the burden?"

The husband looked up earnestly.

"I mean your mother."

"Think of her? I do, and with moistened eyes. Oh! God bless her! She was a good mother!"

"Listen, Charles," the wife resumed, her words trembling to a whisper. "What would induce you to use the name of that mother as you use the name of Him who died on Calvary's cross? Would suffered mortal agony that you and I might be saved? Say, my husband—think of it."

Charles Sicevell was dumb for some time. He had never looked upon the subject in that light before. He had never realized before that the most common pastime—the lowest and basest purposes of speech—he used the name of God, the most sacred thing of all the universe!

"Could all the wealth of all the world hire you to descend to the common practice of using your woman's name profanely?"

"No—no!" he answered, with a tone and look of self-condemnation.

"Then I would not so use the name of Him who gave you being."

Amanda said no more, for she knew she had said enough, and her reproof had good effect, though not so lasting a one as she had hoped. For long it had been her earnest wish, and again in seasons of excitement, the fool words slipped from his tongue. He who was naturally kind, and was a virtuous, pious woman, and loved him dearly.

In the same town lived a widow named Susan Gardiner. She was very, very poor, and if she would escape from the debt she owed to the landlord she must, and then find work for herself. Her husband had been an unfortunate man, and a wicked man. His course had well nigh killed him, and when the dark angel came to take him away Charles Gardiner had no children, and he and Amanda concluded that they would take the widow into their house, and do all their own. The proffer desires were all made, and it only remained for the woman to bring her child.

One Sermon Charles remained at home to assist Amanda, and was when they were digging a desk for him. They were clumsy fellows, and tried his patience much.

Mrs. Gardiner was in her sitting-room engaged in sewing when some one rang the door-bell. She answered to the summons, and found the widow Gardiner with her child. She immediately waited upon her to the drawing-room, and then went and informed her husband of her arrival.

"Well, you must talk with her awhile," returned Charles. "Those fellows are just nursing the top of the brick compound, and I must watch them. No particular hurry, I suppose?"

"O, no—I should like to talk with her awhile."

"And you can make all the arrangements just as well as though I were there. I'll come in and satisfy them."

So Amanda went back to her visitor.

Susan Gardiner was a pale, mild woman, with a deep, lustrous blue eye, and a cast of countenance peculiarly sedate and reflective. Her boy, whom she called Thomas, was only seven years of age; a bright, intelligent-looking lad, and very comely. Mrs. Sicevell knew she should like him.

The two women conversed upon various topics, and the time slipped away very pleasantly, until a dinner bell broke in upon them. Charles Sicevell had come around near the open window of the sliding-room, where one of his men was at work digging. Something was wrong—perhaps very wrong. The young employer's patience had been sorely tried, and he burst forth into a strain of severe language, in which oaths were freely mixed. He did not swallow his words. He sent the unlucky wight upon whom his anathemas fell, far away into hot sulphureous, scandalous place, and he took the name of God in vain more than once!

Mrs. Gardiner started up as though a coiled serpent were at her feet, and upon her pale face there was a look of fearful, frightened reproach.

"Oh! you will pardon me if I know," she cried, in a distinctive her cheek. "This is my father, also! God bless him now —was a wicked man. The only fault he had which I could discover was swearing. Not that he was by any means My boy has that man's blood in his veins. I should die if he were to be a bad, sinful youth—I should die if I thought he could ever fall into becoming such. With the habit of swearing, to him who has had blood in his heart, there is a great danger. Oh! there would be danger to this poor boy! I know his wayward, impulsive temperament, and I know how grievous will be to—too generous to refuse a friend even the following of his example. The first step taken, and he is lost! A profane man is a fearful character always. I did not know your husband—Mr. Sicevell—but you will pardon me if I speak to you as God knop you, good lady! I thank you for your kindness to me, and to you, too."

This had been spoken at spasmodic, convulsive intervals, amid sobs and tears; and as she ceased speaking she seized the hand of Mrs. Sicevell and carried from the apartment—from the house! Amanda could not stop her—she could not speak—she was so shocked with shame and agonized confusion. She knew not what she did. It was a fearful blow upon her heart.

Shortly afterwards her husband entered. He started with alarm and astonishment as he found his wife alone, and weeping bitterly.

"Amanda!—darling! What is it? What has happened?" he asked, springing to her side, and winding one arm about her neck.

At once as she could compose herself, she told him all. She told the fearful words the widow had spoken, and the effect it had upon the widow. And then she told him all the poor woman said, and how she said it.

"Oh! I could not blame her. She knew the disposition of her child. She knew the danger that he will be a good man—a good youth—if he has proper example before him. She knows that he has not the unfortunate, fatherless child. Alas! my husband, we cannot blame her. She had a profane companion in her husband. He was infamous!"

Charles Sicevell did, for one brief moment, think of a dignified anger; but the feeling passed quickly away, and then he felt how foolish, how wicked it was.

A poor widow had fled in terror from his house! A mother, suffering the keenest anguish that a mother could feel, had left a little child within the sphere of his influence! It was a strange mingling of pain, for he, as shall soon hear of it. That you have not yet done it, he could not blame. He could not blame her for the world has yet been dazzled by the effulgence of your genius.

"Amanda, I will sleep upon this!"

And he did sleep upon it; and in the morning he went away to see the widow. But she was already fled. In an hour he returned, and with him came the widow and her son.

"Amanda," he said, in a tone of hopeful, buoyant spirits, "this woman has been telling me a great story, and I solemnly sealed a pledge that another profane word should never drop from my lips. I have told this good woman how you have labored with me, and she has accepted my pledge, and will also be sworn. You, my wife, have been one of the wicked principles involved in profanity, while this woman has made me realize how much more wicked and sinful it is when two of I have been startled from my habit, and I thank you both, though I must say that the Widow's Rebuke was the most effectual thing and severe."

A long conversation followed, which closed pleasantly and profitably. Thomas Gardiner was left with Charles Sicevell and his wife, and Susan returned to her own home and its owners. So he was lured by them in return. Charles never broke his promise, and the good work went away so grow up a good, virtuous youth, honored and respected, and by his side a fascinating widows one fared bad habit.

THE "FIRST STEPS" OF INFANCY.

It is never prudent to anticipate the time at which a child experiences the act of walking. When the bones of the legs have acquired sufficient firmness, instinct will teach the child to "find its feet." It will raise and support itself by means of chairs, or any convenient article of furniture, and soon acquire the art of moving sideways. When these are placed upon their legs too soon, they become "bandy-legged" in consequence. Children in the family, they are more timid, and less secure than falling, than those children who have not had the their own natural and instinctive efforts. A child may be reckoned healthy and strong when it can walk alone between the ages of twelve and sixteen months.

SECRETION OF TEARS IN INFANTS.—It is a curious fact, which is yet unexplained, that very young infants never shed tears when they cry. When once this secretion is established, it may cease during a course of disease; and children then cry without shedding any tears. Tenaseus reports this circumstance, when it occurs, as one of bad omen.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE WILLIAM, of the eastern age of twenty, is in love with a girl not twenty years old, and wants to know if he can marry her. He made her an offer of marriage, to which she replied that her parents would not consent. He then wrote to them, and received at the proprietor of his letter stating until he had attained the age of twenty-one they would not give their consent to be a far more sensible person than he would be William, Boston, hope have no right to aspire to the possession of fair green's women, and our correspondent would do well to let his heart was stronger before he again indulges in such charmed emotions. He is only seventeen, and will be twenty-four or twenty-five, and the wife should be at least by a girl's standard of age.

J. P. B.—Lawyers and judges have been subjects for all manner of satire from the earliest ages, although it is well

to be said that the former are not always to blame for the latter. Judge Jeffreys was a very able lawyer, but he was a very bad judge. Judge Jeffreys ought to be hanged to you with one of his own decisions.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Let both stick alone, and forget your anxiety in good neighbors. Although the latter do not pay as good interest as the former, we have found it a good policy in these (mortgages), because they are safe, and we prefer a safe investment at six per cent. to a doubtful one at one would pay. We believe in retrenchment and economy, and upon this belief, we can put the Ledger through as

though every back and cheat to the economy.

EGAN.—No. After an unsatisfactory letter has been discharged he has no claim upon his gratuitating duties. They are not to be discharged by letters, and the secretary of duty is entrusted in his sentence, or in the receiver appointed by the court.

CONSTANT READER.—We do not know what the present condition of Jerusalem is, but that it is an extremely rapid locality and filthy state, with no vestige of its former glory visible.

P. L. H.—We cannot aid you in securing a situation as a reporter. The best way to obtain employment is by writing. Offer the services of a good writer, and you will be employed.

Contributors will please write on one side of the paper only. Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

Letters on business should be addressed to the publisher, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Persons writing to us will please be particular to give their full address, as well as their name, and the State in which they reside.

Address all communications to the Editor of the New York Ledger, Franklin Square, New York.

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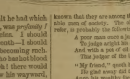

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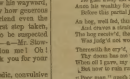

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